

Language Arts Patchwork

Love, love, love

Define love. In my opinion, love is a tender ineffable feeling of affection towards a person; Love is a feeling of warm attachment to someone else close to you. I grew up in an environment filled with abundant love, and maybe because I am the youngest child in the family, I had been showered with much more love too. However, I only learnt to treasure all that I had when an incident happened recently that made me realize my true belief. I believe in love. I believe in the importance of love in the family.

As Benjamin Franklin once said, "If you would be loved, love and be lovable." I believe that if we are loved, we should learn how to reciprocate and love others too. We should pass the love on, because a world filled with love would definitely be a better place to live in. Since young, my family had always been around me, loving and caring for me. Whenever I had any problems, I could go to my mother, father or brother and they would work out a solution together with me. Whenever I felt sad, I could confide in them and they would offer words of encouragement. Whenever I felt happy, they would be there with me, sharing my joy. Sometimes I feel that I would take my family for granted, and I never used to see how much my mother had done for me. My mother sacrificed a lot to take care of me, yet I did not show my appreciation for all that she had done. I remember a time when my mother spent a lot of time preparing dinner for us, and I still complained about the food. I never used to appreciate how fortunate I actually was.

Recently, my maternal grandfather passed away after being in the hospital for six months because of a fall that fractured his hip bone. It was a devastating period for everyone of us, especially my mother. My mother and her siblings were not very close to their father when they were young, and did not spend much time with him. It was not until then that they finally regretted not spending more time with him. They regretted not visiting him at his tailor shop, not bringing him out to eat, not showing concern for him. But they could not do anything about it.

After my grandfather's death, I started to reflect on things. I realized the importance of family. I did not want to be like my mother and her siblings, regretting only when it's too late. My grandfather's death was like a wake-up call to me. I had learnt not to take things for granted, and appreciate what God has given me: A wonderful family that loves and cares for me. "If you would be loved, love and be lovable." Love is a universal language. It is consistent in all cultures and ultimately, it is what keeps a family together. Whether it takes a maturity of an adult or the innocence of a young child to see that love is apparent, it is still undeniable the presence and importance love plays in a family.

Love - This, I believe.

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